

GARLAND

Containing

Four Choice SONGS. 11821. 5. 112. 15

- 1 The Tinker's Frolick ; or the old Maid outwitted of her Gold.
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MANCHESTER:

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The Tinker's Frolick; or, the old Maid
outwitted of her Gold.

IN this town there now doth dwell,
A rich old maid that is known so well,
She is good natured, kind and free,
And says she will travel the country,
She fixed her mind on a tinker bold,
By Jove she had great store of gold. Fal, ral, &c.

2 Her age it is just forty and two,
For a man she knows not what to do,
For suitors she ne'er had none before,
Which makes her love this tinker more,
She is deform'd, and cannot go straight,
But yet her money will make her great.

3 She lives with a rich gentleman,
Where this tinker went to mend a pan,
But before he put on one patch,
With her he did make up the match.
For to be wed without delay,
She said she could no longer stay.

4 When she did pay him for the pan,
She gave him twenty guineas in hand,
Kissing his lips to him she said,
You shall have more when we are wed,
For I have plenty of gold in store,
Come put in one rivet more.

5 Her master he was out that day,
And merrily they did sport and play,
She said you are a clever young man,
You must mend me another pan,
So cunningly behind the door,
He put her in one rivet more.

6 When the job was done she thus did say,
How soon shall you come back this way,
He said my dear I cannot tell,

In a fortnights time if all be well,
She said you must or I will send,
For you to come my pan to mend.

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7 He gave her a kifs and they parted then,
And away he went singing gold pans to mend,
With working he was very dry,
So he went to an alehouse that was just by,
Come fill me a quart he then did say,
For I have earn'd twenty guineas to day.

8 The landlord said well done my cock,
Thou cleverly in thy rivets did knock,
Come here is thy health thou tinker bold,
I'm very glad to see your gold,
My liquor is good and very fine,
I hope thou will stay with me to dine.

9 This cunning landlord as we are told,
He schemed him out of all his gold,
Five days and nights he stayed to drink,
And there he did spend all his chink,
Landlord he said rub off the score,
For I have but one shilling more.

10 Come let us drink a flowing bowl,
For tinkers they are jovial souls,
This is true as ever was told,
The tinker has spent all his gold,
So he may do as he did before,
Go put her in one rivet more.



The Rigs of the Times,

A New S O N G.

ONE day as I rambl'd cross Huntington Park,
On the sorrowful times I made these remarks,

82 In the shade I sat down and began for to write,
These verses, to shew that the world's all a bite:
For honesty is all out of fashion,
And this is a rig of the times.

2 If you mean for to thrive you must follow this plan,
Swagger and chatter, and swear all you can,
The greatest deception for money contrive,
With palaver and cant your'e sure for to thrive.
For honesty is, &c.

3 You must mind that your neighbours don't see you do
For they will be angry, it's truth I do tell, (well,
They'll backbite and slander to get you intrall'd,
And gladly rejoyce to see our downfall.
For honesty is, &c.

4 The bakers in cheating is not in the least,
Their bread like a sponge is puffed up with yeast;
If they made loaves as big as their wives do their
heads,

I'm sure that poor people would never want bread.
For honesty is, &c.

5 The farmer's daughter has got an air balloon crown,
No wonder that butter sells twelve-pence a pound,
If you say why so dear, then answers the sweet lass,
The cows give no milk, and there is but little grass.
She has lear'nd her excuse,
She is up to the rigs of the times.

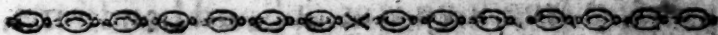
6 The next is the butcher that we must bring in,
He charges five-pence a pound and thinks it no sin,
He cocks up his steelyards to make them go down,
And swears it is weight, if it wants half a pound,
For honesty is, &c.

7 As money is scarce, and the times they are bad,
The people are running stark air balloon mad,
The women with pride the land do infest,

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If they have ne'er a smock they must have the best beads
For honesty is, &c. (drest.)

8 The next of the landlords tricks you shall hear,
When he sees you have money and calling for beer,
He'll bring you a relish to make the pot walk,
But I'd have you take care of the nick in the chalk,
For honesty is, &c.

9 The best air-ballson profit that I can find,
Is to send them all packing in a high gale of wind,
The ballson in the air and the clouds for to burst,
And the greatest of roughts to break their necks first.
For honesty is, &c.



Jemmy's Return to his True Love Nancy.

YOUNG maidens all who in love's
engaged,

Of your deceitful swains beware,
Lest by delusion you are persuaded,
And bring yourselves into a snare,
For young men often prove deceitful,
Altho' fair promises to you'll they'll make
My love to me has prov'd so ungrateful,
With grief and sorrow my heart will break.

2 How oft has my Jemmy caress'd me,
And enfolded me in his arms,
And on my tender bosom prest me,
Enjoying of each other's charms,
And in blisses with sweet kisses,

My love us'd to toy and play, 84
But now my Jemmy he's gone & left me,
Alas! alas! and he's gone away.

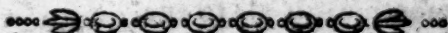
3 I ne'r thought he would prove so cruel
To go and leave me in despair,
He was my joy and only jewel,
But few with him I could compare,
And now he's gone over the raging ocean
Where foaming billows they loudly roar
It strongly runs all Jemmy's notion,
I fear I ne'er shall see him more.

My true love was tall and handsome,
Straight and proper in every limb,
And if I had all the king's ransom,
I ne'er could fancy none but him.
He was affable and good temper'd,
His colour like the damask rose,
His hair as black as the ravens feathers,
His eyes as black as any stone.

Kind neptune conduct my dear jewel,
Safe to me from the raging main,
And ease my fond heart that burns as fuel
From my distracted torment and vain;
For when the stormy winds are blowing
It fills my trembling heart with woe.
When on my pillow, but little knowing,
What dangers my love might undergo.

6 But now my Jemmy he's safe returned

And eas'd me of my tormenting pain,
Like fuel my heart oftimes it burned,
For fear I never shall see him again,
And now in wedlock bands I'm fasten'd,
Unto the jewel of my heart;
In love and unity live together,
Nothing but death can e'er us part.



England's great loss by a storm of wind.

1 **Y**OU gentlemen of England fair,
Who live at home free from all care;
Little do you think or know
What we poor sailors undergo,
We wine and toil upon the waves,
We work like turks or galley slaves.

2 'Twas on November the second day,
When first our admiral bore away;
Intending for his native shore,
The wind at west south west did roar,
Attended by a dismal sky,
And the seas did run full mountains high.

3 The very first land that we did make,
It chanc'd to be the old ram's head,
Which made us all rejoice around,
To see our flag-stem in Plymouth sound,
Stretching well over for fishes nose,
Thinking to fetch up in amose.

at the tide of ebb not being done,
 She set strong to the westward run,
 Which put us all in a dread and fear,
 To see our ships they would not wear,
 The wind and weather increased sore,
 And drove nine sail of ships on shore.

When we came to Northumberland rock,
 The Lyon, Lynx, and Antelope,
 The Loyalty and Eagle too,
 The Elizabeth made all to rue,
 She ran astern, and the line broke,
 And sunk the Hardwick the first stroke.

6 Now you shall hear of the worst of all,
 The largest ships had the greatest fall;
 The great Coronation and all her men,
 Were all drowned except nineteen,
 The master's mate, and eighteen more,
 Got in their long-boat safe on shore.

7 As to our ships we value not,
 Had it not fall'n to our sailors lots,
 The greatest loss is to their wives,
 In losing of their husbands lives;
 And to Old England it may be more,
 Than nine sail of ships at sea.

8 In walking Plymouth streets one day, 10 IV 32
 I heard sea captains for to say,
 Sure God will reward u. for our deeds,
 For fighting men when there's no need;
 It's O the girl I dearly love,
 Help me to her ye Pow'rs above.